

# NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

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WEATHER—Cloudy in the morning, followed by clearing weather, southerly winds.

## THE JOURNAL'S MOTTO:

While Others Talk, the Journal Acts.

When financiers fall out honest men may hope to come by their own. The tremendous prize which the Administration has been arranging to turn over to the Union Pacific Reorganization Committee has tempted the cupid of capitalists who have not been accustomed to be left out of deals of that sort, and it is thought there will be trouble in carrying out the original arrangement. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has observed with indignation the preparations to fleece the Government without his assistance, and he is believed to have undertaken the organization of a new syndicate that will outbid the old one for the possession of the central transcontinental line. Finally, there are Mr. Russell Sage, and his patriotic confederates, the Goulds. Mr. Sage thinks that the Government ought to have every cent that is due it, and he is willing to pay it the full amount—in bonds. Among all these divergent forces even the weighty fact that Senator Mark Hanna is "long" on Union Pacific stock may not have absolutely conclusive power, although in ordinary circumstances the will of Mr. Hanna and the policy of the Administration are synonymous terms.

It is evident to the meanest understanding that the Government can get vastly better terms than are offered by the Reorganization Committee. If it is willing to accept first mortgage bonds instead of cash, it can obtain the entire amount due, instead of a part. Hence, even an Administration controlled by the prejudices of the "practical business men" against the assumption by the public of any functions that can be carried on by a corporation can have no hesitation about repudiating the deal concluded with the reorganizers, provided only it be governed by common honesty. But if it have in addition to common honesty an enlightened regard for the public interests, it will not let the road fall into the hands of any corporation at all. This is the opportunity of a lifetime to try the experiment of public ownership under the most favorable conditions. By taking advantage of it the Government can not only secure its own pecuniary interests, but it can give new life to the entire western half of the continent. The law gives the President full authority to accomplish this great result. He has in his Cabinet a man who, if he will, can tell him how much depends upon it. Will President McKinley and Attorney-General McKenna be equal to their opportunity?

**PALMER, THE ANARCHIST.** If Herr Most could constrain his conscience to the extent of consenting to hold the office of Secretary of State at Albany, he might be expected to run the place to suit himself, regardless of laws or courts, but even Herr Most would hardly exhibit such sovereign contempt for the rules of common morality as has been displayed by the actual occupant of the position, Mr. John Palmer.

Mr. Palmer first threw himself enthusiastically into the plot to steal votes from Judge Parker by accepting bogus petitions for the nomination of rival candidates who did not want to run. He dodged Judge Parker's representatives in order to escape official knowledge of the fraudulent character of the signatures to these petitions, and when he was finally forced to listen to the evidence, he refused to let it interfere with the consummation of the swindle. When he was ordered by a Justice of the Supreme Court to leave the counterfeit nomination off the official ballot he refused to obey the judgment of the court, and when his less hardy co-conspirators appealed the case in his name to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court he had the incredible hardihood to say that he had no objection to the appeal, provided it were understood that in any case the court's decision could not affect the pending election. Finally, after exerting all his powers to force a fraudulent nomination upon the ballot, he endeavored surreptitiously to procure the omission of the genuine nomination of Judge Parker by the National Democracy. The last outrage, however, was a little too rank to be persisted in after exposure even by Mr. Palmer, and he hastened to represent it as an oversight.

Is not the party of law, order and respect for courts proud of its representative in the Secretary of State's office? If Mr. Palmer's conduct is Republicanism, what is anarchy?

**THE LUETGERT MURDER CASE.** The result of the most exciting murder trial of recent times is a disgraceful trial of the jury, and that is apt to mean the final escape of the accused. While the facts are fresh in the public mind and popular interest in the trial is stirred to a fever, as it has been in Chicago for weeks, the pressure is strong for conviction. If it is resisted, there is little chance for a verdict of guilty after the facts are forgotten and interest has died out.

It was a strange case, that of Luetgert, the sausage maker. His wife disappeared apparently from the face of the earth on the 1st of May. It was shown that he was on bad terms with her and had ill-used her; that he was enamored of a servant girl and had illicit relations with other women, and that he had been mysteriously engaged at night in boiling something in a vat of potash in which bones were discovered.

Circumstantial evidence pointed strongly to murder, but the defence claimed that Mrs. Luetgert was not dead, that the boiling-operation was a process of soap making, and that the bones found in the vat were not human. Medical experts disagreed, as usual. Some swore that the bones were human, and others of equal standing that they were not, according to the side upon which they were retained and by which they were paid. This suggests once more that expert testimony should not be hired by one side or the other, but independently em-

ployed as part of the judicial machinery of the State.

There was a morbid excitement in Chicago over this trial, and a strong pressure of the police power as well as the prosecuting authority for conviction. Nine jurors were for a verdict of guilty, and there is little chance that they were wrong. Three were simply in doubt, but that was enough to defeat the ends of justice, and there is a suspicion of other motives than a desire to avoid injustice.

It raises the old question whether a three-fourths vote of a jury should not be sufficient for a verdict, or whether there should not be an alternative for the death penalty, to relieve the strain upon the chronic doubter when the evidence of crime is wholly circumstantial.

## THE HEAD OF THE TICKET.

Judge Wallace is a Federal Justice, and his experience is in a different field and with a different body of statute law.

Wallace owed his appointment to Senator Conkling, and his first important decision was for the New York Central Railroad, when Conkling was its counsel, in a case for recovering taxes from the Government. The decision was reversed. Another judicial action of his was appointing Platt receiver of the New York and New England Railroad. He accepted his reward in the present nomination with a partisan speech.

Judge Parker stands on his judicial record in the State courts, and it is without a blemish. All but hidebound partisan Republicans have every reason for giving him support. He will head the Democratic ticket on the official ballot, but neither the Citizens' Union nor the Henry George ticket will bear the name of any candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals.

It will be an easy matter for those who wish to vote for an independent local ticket to do so and not lose their votes for Judge of the highest court. They have only to put the cross mark in the circle above their own ticket on the ballot, and also in the square before the name of Alton B. Parker, in the Democratic column.

## WHO "PROTECTS US ALL?"

What do these ponderous words mean? Who embodies this external authority to which we must submit, and upon which we depend for protection? Platt? A political machine that runs the State?

There is an old-fashioned notion that our people govern themselves and exercise their sovereign authority through instruments of their own choosing.

The Governor's idea seems to be that there is authority otherwise constituted, self-constituted apparently, upon which we are all dependent and to which we must submit. Bossism seems to have upset the theory of popular government in his mind.

## THE PROGRESS OF OUR DEFENCES.

The estimates submitted by General Wilson, the Chief of Engineers of the army, of the amounts needed for fortifications for the next fiscal year illustrate the remarkable progress that has been made in the work of coast defence. Heretofore the engineers have always asked for two or three times as much as Congress could be expected by any possibility to appropriate. Now they ask for a sum that may reasonably be allowed without any reduction. They say that the money provided heretofore will be all expended by the middle of next year, and that \$5,810,000 will be all they will need for the year after. Five millions of this are to be devoted to gun and mortar batteries, \$500,000 to the purchase of sites for fortifications, and the rest to torpedoes, submarine mines, cable galleries and the other auxiliaries of defence.

Our seaports are now so well defended that they are already substantially safe against any ordinary attacking force. The necessity for the first rush of work is over, and we can proceed hereafter more at our leisure.

## SCHOOL TEACHERS UNHAPPY.

The "reform" Board of Superintendents of Schools in this city has contrived a new scheme of study which fills the teachers with dismay. Instead of simplifying things, they have made them more complex and distracting. The elementary studies, which are of the first importance, are swamped in a multitude of requirements of a smattering of language, of science, of art, of everything in which a smattering is of no use. The time of the teachers is broken up, and their attention is distracted with prescribed details that leave no liberty or discretion.

Nothing could be worse than this in public schools. There should be a few essential things taught with care and thoroughness. Teachers should be capable and conscientious, and allowed to use their judgment. The system of superintendence and supervision in prescribing studies and methods and exercising constant pressure is carried to an extreme that makes school life a burden to teacher and pupil. No wonder the teachers are on the verge of revolt.

## MORE SPANISH SNARLING.

The escape of the little filibustering schooner Silver Heels from our shores, presumably for Cuban waters, has set the Spanish press off again in a tirade against the United States Government and a demand for explanations.

The fact is that our Government has been lavishly expending money and energy through the navy and the revenue marine to prevent relief from getting to the hard-pressed Cubans, in spite of the fact that the sympathies of our people were with them in their struggle, and has been overzealous in meeting every obligation of its laws and treaties. It has watched our long and sinuous coast line assiduously these many months.

And what has Spain done in return toward protecting the lives and rights of American citizens in Cuba? How has it received our protests and our

friendly advances? It has met its own treaty and international obligations only so far as it has been urged by fear of consequences.

Spain has shown such a suspicious and sullen temper in its relations with the United States since the Cuban trouble began that we can afford to ignore the snarling of the Madrid press. Nothing that we could do with national self-respect would put a stop to it.

A Boston typewriter who says she is "neither pretty nor frivolous" is advertising for a position. The only way for that girl to secure employment is to make direct application to the wives of the men who are in need of such services.

Hon. Abram Hewitt appears to have travelled quite a distance to get into an unpleasant snarl with old friends. Between Mr. Hewitt's memory and his digestive apparatus he is having quite a time.

Mr. Hanna is becoming angry and saying bitter things on the stump. This is not one of the characteristics of a man who is conducting a successful campaign. The man who gets angry usually gets defeated.

The Missouri boy who carried a chunk of dynamite to school in his pocket is now in the hands of the surgeons, and the chances are that he will make no further experiments in that line.

Sausage Maker Luetgert should congratulate himself that his case was not in the hands of that Wisconsin jury which settled a tie vote by a game of cards.

The expenses of the bimetallic commission can be charged up to Uncle Sam's profit and loss account, along with the cost of General Miles's Summer outing.

When it comes to the support of men who cannot vote in this city Henry George seems to be stronger than any of his opponents.

The English officials have finally rung down the curtain on the "monetary commission" farce of the McKinley Administration.

The Georgia female seminary that teaches its students how to get married should add a course instructing them in the art of selecting husbands.

Mr. Commissioner Collis is as reckless in some of his campaign speeches as he is in his street ripping expeditions.

Mr. Low's supporters continue to advertise him as a man with a surplus of virtues and a deficit of worldliness.

The "best citizens" of the Klondike are beginning to turnish work for the Coroner and undertaker.

Notwithstanding the efforts of young Mr. Logan the Chicago horse show is to be a dry affair.

**The New York Papers on Editor Dana's Death.** The bitterness of spirit among the New York editors is more or less evidenced by the manner in which they treat the death of the Sun's great editor, Mr. Dana.

The Journal alone of the New York papers devotes its best space to the telling of Mr. Dana's life and death. The first two pages of the paper are given up to it, and editorially it pays a tribute to his greatness as an editor.—Atlanta Journal.

## The Nation and the Fight in New York.

**Tammany's Strength Among New Yorkers.** Tammany is stronger in New York City than among outside critics. It has generally given New York efficient government, even if it did come costly. The police, fire, educational, charities and public improvement achievements have always been up to the highest standard of efficiency, and the fact that they came high did not count for much in so wealthy a city as New York. Then comes the strong point, that Tammany has always kept itself in close touch with the plain people and the working classes. For a hundred years this has been the secret of its power, even when under corrupt and disgraced management. There is no political institution like it in the land, with good and bad points equally strong and emphatic.—Pittsburg Post.

**A Clean, Manly Fight.** Van Wyck is making a fair, clean, manly fight, and he ought to win. All the indications are in his favor, and he cannot be defeated unless corruption and intimidation carry the day.—Birmingham Age Herald.

**Tammany on Top.** It would not be at all surprising to see Tammany go sailing in on top. This would not have the effect on national politics that Henry George's victory would, because he left the Tammanyites on account of their failure to endorse the Chicago platform. George, however, loses strength because of his Socialist and single tax leanings, although the latter is strictly excluded from discussion in the campaign.—Knoxville Sentinel.

**The "Tiger" Feeling Very Gay.** Whether General Tracy concedes the defeat of the Republican ticket in New York, as reported, or not, it is apparent to every close observer of the campaign that the victory of Tammany has become almost a certainty. Perhaps the most significant feature of the contest is Mr. Platt's importation of hired speakers to save his machine. The interference of Thurston, Foraker and other professional politicians is being resented by the voters of the city, who are disposed to construe it as rank impertinence. While Mr. Platt has about reached the end of his rope, the Tammany strength is increasing every day. Nothing less than a political miracle can now save the city from the Tiger.—Detroit Tribune.

**Tracy Didn't Mean It.** General Tracy's slip of the tongue, over in Brooklyn, was a bad one. His description of the struggle in which he was now engaged as "utterly hopeless" was what the Quiggs and Grubers call a dead give-away. He is now explaining that his language was "distorted," that he did not mean it, and that he really is quite hopeful.—Hartford Courant.

## EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

**An Admirer's Tribute.** To the Editor of the Journal.  
I wish to express my appreciation of the enterprise displayed by the Journal on the death of Mr. Charles A. Dana, in obtaining opinions from the leading journalists in the country, together with such an exhaustive review of his career. This is a feat without a parallel in the history of New York Journalism.  
Success to the enterprising Journal!  
New York, Oct. 20.  
AN ADMIRER OF ENTERPRISE.

**Honesty Vs. Executive Capacity.** To the Editor of the Journal.  
Dear Sir: Permit me to take issue with the Journal on the position it seems to have assumed toward Henry George as being lacking in "executive capacity."

This "executive capacity" seems to have been the heritage and highly cultivated gift of every political boss and rascal that has held the offices of this city for years and outraged it so thoroughly that now it is the victim of an organized band of politicians who brand honesty in an office seeker as the best evidence of ineptitude.

"Honest Old Abe, the Rail Splitter of Illinois," served no apprenticeship to learn executive capacity, and yet he filled the highest office of the nation with honor, and honors that no other President has since equalled. Then again, Grant—"Captain Grant," the one-time failure, but Lincoln's choice for commander, against many protests—how about him and his "executive capacity" until he had his trial, and succeeded? There are two sure things for the citizens of New York to build on; they have in Henry George a man of commanding talent in detecting the wrongs of the people; their rights, the gift of portraying them to a thinking world, and an honest man on principle. Match him! I naturally hold with Tammany and Jeffersonian Democracy, and would have held to the Wigwam loyalty in this election were it not that George threw down the honesty of his party, and Judge Gaynor, the ideal candidate.

Your highly honored paper cannot hide the cloven foot of this very Satan in politics, and since it is universally conceded that George is honest, it is worth the experiment to try for once one honest man in the highest office.  
DANIEL E. RYAN.

# The Country's Press Commends the Rescue of Miss Cisneros.

## Nothing Like It Before.

[From the Paterson Call.]

Nothing like it was ever seen before in this or any other country. The girl has been rescued from a fate worse than death, and the interest is enhanced by the fact that, according to all accounts, she is a refined and very beautiful young lady. The whole story of the case reads like a romance.

## Cuba Must Be Free.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

It is to be hoped the Spanish Minister in Washington and the Spanish Cabinet in Madrid appreciate the actual meaning of the Cisneros demonstration. If they do not they will the sooner fall into the pit dugged for those whom pride blinds. The motto of the American people is "Cuba must be free," and it is very creditable to the New York Journal that it enabled so large a portion of the people to make this patent to all.

## It Elicits the Admiration of Chivalry.

[From the Dallas Times-Herald.]

How far wrongful from an international law standpoint the New York Journal may have been in the rescue of Senorita Cossio, Miss Cisneros, from the Havana prison, the act of daring and gallantry must elicit the admiration of chivalry.

## Hearts as Well as Brains.

[From the Evansville Courier.]

The New York Journal has done something that should forever silence the carpers and croakers. It has shown the men of the new journalism have hearts as well as brains. The strong characteristic of the Journal is its perception of the drama of humanity. Its news is not colorless routine, but it lives and glows with the pain and pleasures of life.

## Plenty of Red, White and Blue.

[From the Pawtucket Tribune.]

A Woonsocket exchange notes that by cutting the bars of the jail that held Evangelina Cisneros, the innocent victim of the brute Weyler, the reporters of the New York Journal performed the most daring bit of newspaper reporting on record. Yellow journalism has a good deal of red, white and blue in it.

## By the Clever Use of Brains.

[From the Topeka Journal.]

It was one of the most remarkable pieces of newspaper enterprise ever attempted, but it was accomplished, as all such things are accomplished, by the clever use of brains. The New York Journal has the best newspaper brains in the world.

## The American People Applaud.

[From the Little Rock Gazette.]

The American people will applaud the pluck and enterprise of the New York Journal.

## All Journalistic Records Smashed.

[From the Fourth Estate.]

Many thousands of people cheering a newspaper at every mention of its name means more than any sworn circulation statement diplomatically put by the most shrewd of advertisement solicitors. It means popularity, prestige and proven power. The thousands of people who cheered for the New York Journal last Saturday night on the occasion of the public demonstration in honor of Signorita Cisneros, the Cuban girl rescued from Weylerism by the Journal's reporter, Karl Decker, gave testimony to a paper's enterprise. All New York, or at least as much of the metropolis as could crowd into Madison Square Saturday evening, hailed the liberated girl, testified to their Americanism, belief in freedom, horror of feudalism and gave honor to the reporter who looked death in the face in following a most unique assignment for a most remarkable newspaper. The Fourth Estate extends its congratulations to Karl Decker and the Journal. They have smashed journalistic records.

## Journalism That "Gets There."

[From the Wilmington Star.]

Some of the papers in this country which do not like the New York Journal speak contemptuously of "yellow journalism." But the journalism that walked under Weyler's nose, wrenched the bars from a prison window and rescued a young woman held in durance vile, and brought her safely to this country, is the journalism that has snap in it and gets there.

## Greatest Enterprise of the Generation.

[From the Sandy Hill Herald.]

The greatest piece of newspaper enterprise of this generation is the opening of the prison doors of Miss Evangelina Cisneros in Havana by the New York Journal. The escape of Miss Cisneros is hailed with delight by millions of the American people, and all are profuse in their thanks to the great paper that brought it about.

## A Heaith to Decker.

[From the Little Rock Gazette.]

Karl Decker was his name and he sailed under the cognomen of "Charles Duval." He was the New York Journal correspondent who rescued Senorita Cisneros. Under whatever name he sails, here's to him!

## The Best Memorial of Journalism.

[From the Columbia State.]

We offer our congratulations to the New York Journal upon its unalloyed triumph. It has done something that no newspaper ever did before, and has done it in the most approved fashion of mediæval romance. The enterprise was daring, but it was so admirably planned in every detail that one almost forgets in the smoothness of the performance what great risks were run. The rescue is an achievement of modern journalism which will stand as one of its best memorials.

## Entitled to Unstinted Praise.

[From the Haverhill Gazette.]

The New York Journal is entitled to unstinted praise for its daring and successful effort to restore to liberty the Cuban heroine, Evangelina Cisneros.

## The Journal's Wonderful Enterprise.

[From the Darton Times.]

Through the wonderful enterprise of the New York Journal, Evangelina Cisneros, the beautiful Cuban maiden who has languished for sixteen months in a loathsome Spanish prison, has been freed and escaped to the United States. What McKinley, backed by the whole strength of the Government, has failed to do, the enterprise of one good Democratic newspaper has done.

## An Act of Humanity.

[From the Duluth News-Tribune.]

We are prepared to give the New York Journal due credit for its rescue of Senorita Cisneros. It was a great piece of enterprise (the legitimacy of which we shall not discuss), and more, it was an act of humanity, speeded with enough of danger to win the admiration of the American people.

## The Journal Owns the Town.

[From the Washington Capital.]

The New York Journal appears to own the town at the present moment, and the happiness and comfort and general content which are being had in the Journal office are good to see. It is always so when a paper scores a big scoop on another paper; it makes everybody in the victorious office, from the proprietor down, radiate peace on earth, good will to men, so satisfied and beaming that the temperature is observed to rise several degrees in the street about the establishment.

The Capital removes its hat to Karl Decker and the New York Journal.

## Gleivest of All Coups.

[From the Itasca Journal.]

However much one may disapprove the political policy of the New York Journal, it cannot be denied that its rescue of Miss Cisneros is as clever a coup as was ever projected and effected by any paper in the history of newspaperdom.

## An Unmixed Blessing.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

The escape of Senorita Cossio (better known by her mother's name, Cisneros) from captivity in Havana would seem to be an unmixed blessing. The impression of a New York newspaper that it was brought about by the contrivance of its Havana correspondents seems to be well founded, and would appear to entitle the successful Journal not only to a liberal amount of self-laudation, but to the gratitude of Miss Cossio and her friends.

# The Glad Hand in Politics.

JUST now that well-known human type in the different saloons and other centres of thought and information with which the town is dotted. I am reminded of his existence by the fact that I ran across my old friend Coroner Frostface in the lobby of a well-known hotel on upper Broadway last evening and was assailed by that statesman with such a torrent of cordiality and bonhomie that I knew something must be in the wind. The next moment I remembered that that something was election day, and that the worthy Coroner was once more an applicant for office. I never really believed in the miraculous restoration of sight to the blind until I came to know Coroner Frostface, who is blind nearly all the time, and only recovers his sight in time to make a canvass of his district. When the election is over he relapses into his normal condition, and is unable to recognize the faces of any of his constituents, unless he happens to want something. On this occasion, however, the Coroner was in full possession of his eyesight, and, seeing me from a remote part of the lobby, bore down on me with such a show of affection and joviality that I was almost glad to meet him, and when he dragged me across the room to introduce me to some of his friends I went with what looked like willingness, although I consider the political bore known to me as Coroner Frostface, one of the prime nuisances of the day. Now, it is a curious fact that, despite his gawsonic calling, a Coroner is invariably the most genial of all candidates, and my friend Frostface is the most jovial of his kind.

"Come along with me," he cried, as he seized my arm and steered me across the floor. "I want you to meet Assemblyman Bluff and one or two of his friends. Assemblyman, this is one of those wicked newspaper men that are always roasting us, but he's a good boy, and can have anything I've got. Now, shake hands with Assemblyman Bluff of the Steenth District."

The statesman called Bluff is very likely a candidate himself this year, for he greeted me with considerable warmth and then introduced me to Assistant Deputy Tax Commissioner Largeheart, who wore a huge gray mustache, colored in the centre like a meerschaum pipe, and a permanent grin of joviality on his features. He, too, was proud to know me, especially when the Coroner began to exploit me with "That's great stuff you're writing, old man. I read it every day of my life, and I tell you if they had men like you writing on all the papers the newspaper business would be better than it is. Let's see, you're doing the political on the Tribune, aren't you? No? Then I got you mixed up with somebody else. But it's great stuff all the same, and I read it every day. Assemblyman, you've read this gentleman's articles a good many years, haven't you?" The Assemblyman said that he had, and so did the Assistant Deputy Tax Commissioner, and both displayed an appreciative regard for literature that rather surprised me.

"Picking up items for your paper?" inquired the Assemblyman, pleasantly. "If you are," he continued, affably, "I shall be pleased to furnish you with anything you like, only I don't want my name used. There's a chance for a very funny article on that row in my district, where Rocky Mulligan and Owney Hagan are running against each other, one on the Low ticket and the other on the Platt. You see Rocky thought he had the district sold and could come in a winner without working, but Owney has been around making a personal canvass from one saloon to another, making friends everywhere, and now he is the most popular man you can find anywhere around. He'll be here directly, and I'd be pleased to have you meet him, because he is one of the coming men of the town. He and I pull together, you know, in politics, and if you say anything about him in your paper I'll let you have my photograph so you can publish it with the article as one of Owney's particular friends, who is up for re-election for Assembly and who is going to win in a walk. Oh, anything I can do for Owney I am glad to do. By the way, you don't happen to live in my district, do you? Yes? Well I am glad to hear it, and I am delighted to meet you. Have a cigar? Put some cigars in your pocket and hand them out to the gentlemen in the house where you board. Tell them where you got them and tell them I would be pleased to meet any one of them around here any afternoon between 5 and 6 or at the rooms of the Muck-a-muck Club, which is also the headquarters of the young men's political organization of the district, and in where I generally hang out in the evening."

"Don't forget to drop around to my headquarters when you are out with your friends," put in the Coroner at this moment. "And remember that if there's anything I can do for you either before election or after, I am glad to do it if only for old-time's sake. Let's see, I must have known you at least twenty years now, and the older I grow the oftener I sit down and think over old times and how we were all of us young men together. What did you say? Never met until the night of the Denny Sullivan ball two years and a half ago? Well, you surprise me. But anyway, it seems to me as if I had known you always. I've read such a lot of your spicy articles. You know, gentlemen, our friend here writes all the principal editorials in the Herald and the Mail and Express, and I guess it keeps him pretty busy. Say, now, old man, if you got hard up for material this week come to me and I'll help you out with pleasure. I'm an old newspaper man myself, you know, and if you would like a little interesting chat about the political situation in our district, or maybe a little sketch of my career with a cut I've just had made of myself, you've only to say the word and I'll see that you have it. I declare I wouldn't be in politics an hour if it wasn't for the pleasant acquaintances I made through it, and the opportunities it gave me to meet bright, clever men like yourself and some of the rest of the newspaper boys. Got to go? Too bad. But just remember that your old friend Frostface is running for Coroner, and that if he is elected you can have anything in his line free gratis and without cost."

## AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

"Of course," said Willie Washington. "poverty is no disgrace. Everybody knows that. But I'm afraid that friend of mine whom I brought with me is going to be embarrassed simply because he economizes on his wardrobe in order to pursue his studies. Do you see that group of girls?" "Yes. They seem to be having an animated discussion."

"They are. They are debating on whether a man can be a perfect gentleman and at the same time be distinguished by an odor of moth balls."—Washington Star.